

A NEW SONG

Sung before the

Loyal Livery-Men in Westminster-Hall,

July the 19th. 1683.

I.

Hark ! how *Noll* and *Bradshaw's* Heads above us
Cry, Come, come, ye *Whigs* that love us :
Come, ye faithful Sons, fall down, and adore ye
Your Fathers, whose Glory
Was to kill Kings before ye ;
From Treason and Plots let your grave Heads adjourn,
And our glorious Pinacle adorn.
What though the Scaffolds all are down here,
To entertain the Friends of the Crown here ?
We, whose Lives and whose Fortunes Great *Charles* will maintain,
For *Monarchy-haters*,
Damn'd Associates,
Whigs, Bastards and Traytors,
We'll build 'em, we'll build 'em again.
Let the infamous Cut-throats of Princes be shamm'd all,
Their black Souls be damn'd all,
Their Blunderbuss ramm'd all
With Brimstone and Fire infernal ;
The Gods that look o'r Him
Did by Wonders restore Him,
Their Angels sate round Him
That hour that they crown'd Him,
And were listed His Guards Eternal.

II.

How, like *Jove*, the Monarch of *Great-Britain*
Drives the Gyant-Sons of *Titan* !
Down ye Rebel-Crew ; ye Slaves, lie under :
See ! *CHARLES* with His Thunder
Has dash'd 'em all asunder ;
Down from His bright Heav'n the Aspirers are hurl'd,
Lost in the common Rubbish of the World :
See, how the God returns Victorious !
And to make His Tryumph still more Glorious,
See, the whole Hosts of Heav'n the proud Conquerour meet !

The Stars burn all brighter,
The Sun mounts uprighter,
Whilst his Steeds gallop lighter,

To see, see their *Jove* made so Great :

With the brands and the stings of a Conscience Disloyal,
From the fiery Tryal,
Let the Coward Slaves flie all,
Leave Vengeance and Gibbets behind 'em ;
Whilst the great Desperadoes
All turn'd Renegadoes,
With their old Friends took napping,
In some Cole-hole at *Wapping*
Shall *CHARLES* and His Justice find 'em.

III.

Let the malice of *Fanatick Roundhead*
(Hatch'd in Hell) be still confounded ;
The ROYAL BROTHERS no Storm e're sever,
But new Wonders deliver,
And Their Heirs Reign for ever,
On Englands bright Throne sit till Times last Sand runs,
And stop their Glories Chariot with the Suns.
Then for *CHARLES*'s second Restauration,
Snatch'd from the Jaws of the Imps of Damnation,
We with Feastings and Revels will clear up our Souls,
For the safety of *CÆSAR*,
In Joy, and in Pleasure,
We'll out-run all measure,
Till our Hearts shall o're-flow like our Bowls.
For a Health to Great *Charles*, let the Goblets be crown'd there,
The *Huzz a go* round there,
To the Skies let it sound there,
Up to th' Throne of Great *CHARLES*'s Protector,
Till the pleas'd Gods that see, Boys,
Grow as merry as we, Boys,
Joyn their Spheres in the Chorus,
Make their whole Heav'n's out-roar us,
And pledge us in Bumpers of Nectar.

By E. S.